

Myaco

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NOTE BOOK

63
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N° 69

TRADE MARK

On June 27th we left San Juan Guichicovi and went 18 m. across the rolling plain of the middle Isthmus to the R.R. station of Lagunas where we slept in our old quarters in the R.R. station. The 28th we continued our route toward the Pacific. The same rolling plain continued with mts. on both E. & W. & limestone hills rising abruptly near Lagunas. Most of the way was through country overgrown with brush & low trees. In many places were groves of palms (Coroso) often containing thousands of trees. These groves were, as a rule, intermixed with other trees & bushes but often stood out almost by themselves. In either case they made an interesting sight & added greatly to the appearance of the monotonous growth of bushy woods. I saw one of these palms with its trunk completely interlaced & enclosed in the network-like trunk of a zig tree the top of which was outspread about the top of the palm. Another zig tree had killed the palm & the trunk of the latter had decayed leaving the hollow mould of its form in the heart of the zig.

Only a few Indians were seen at work in small cornfields among the wood but the main business of this part of the Isthmus is cattle growing on some large ranches. At the station of Chirila (over the large open plain of the same name that extends over so much of this part of the Isthmus). I left the outfit to wait for the afternoon train to go into Tiquanaltic for mail & supplies while the outfit went on to the town of San Gerónimo where I will join it. While waiting for the train a peddler turned up & I found that he was a Mexican. He has been in the country a number of years & is peddling small

waters. He talked enthusiastically of his own country & said that in two years more he would have enough money so that he would return to his own country to live. He was very energetic & carried his heavy pack about from house to house in the small settlement while we waited for the train. The train took me in to Tehuantepec at 8 P.M. During the 29th & 30th I waited in Tehuantepec for a train to take me out to rejoin my assistant who is at work at San Geronimo - Trains run only a few times a week as the traffic is extremely light on the Isthmus & will continue to be so so long as there are no ~~no~~ ports at either end when vessels can unload readily. There is considerable local passenger traffic between Tehuantepec & the neighboring places on the S. side of the Isthmus as the natives patronize the train very freely in bringing stuff into market in Tehuantepec or to come in to make their small purchases. It is a lively & picturesquie sight to see the crowd gathered about the depot a half hour or so before train leaving. The bright colored garments & great head-dresses of the women are the most conspicuous objects. The women of this locality are always striking from a physical standpoint & are the ones who do the business of buying & selling about the Isth. market.

On July 1st I rejoined my ~~assistant~~ at San Geronimo. This is a large native town of 3 to 4000 people with a few half breeds living there & the members of the family of a Frenchman (Dreyfus). They have owned a large property on the Isthmus but are gradually losing it & going down since the death of the father according to their own account as well as by common report.

This seems to be the fate of the descendants of energetic foreigners who come to the country, accumulate property & marry native women. Despite the size of the town it is made up of small adobe houses scattered huts with two or three little stores having less than \$500. worth of goods all told. Everything of any importance is bought in Teh. The members of the Dr. Gyvers family - Several men came about when we were stopping & were very outspoken about the detriment to the Isthmus produced by the R.R. & told how good business was before the latter was built. This complaint is a very common one in all Mexico. I found Goldman just getting over a light malarial attack. While he trapped for duplicate types of *Geomys grandis* I made out reports & prepared for taking the specimens on hand across to Coatzacoalcos to ship. On July 6th I took the train with my material and went over to the Gulf side. The rains have been very light so far on the Isthmus and I saw no signs of the swampy character that the south side of the Isthmus is reputed to have in summer. From near La Puerita down to Sta. Lucatia the forest is fine & the soil humid & friable. The country is a rolling plain descending gradually toward the sea. At Coatzacoalcos I was greatly disappointed to learn that the shipment of specimens brought over here two months ago had not been sent as the steamer "admiral" to come down to Coatzacoalcos. The price of this ^{was} shipper refused the cargo of ^{the} ^{new} ^{steamer} & a new line of steamer to close the chapter. It is just established from here to Vera Cruz.

our weekly and I will send the entire lot by them. On July 8th returned to Tehuantepec to get mail & exchange money. & propositions starting for Chiapas. On the train came two engineers to look at the Pacific terminus for jetty or pier facilities. On July 11th ~~12th~~ returned to San Jeronimo and spent the day in getting ready to start for Chiapas.

July 12th I had a slight attack of malarial fever today so put off the start until tomorrow - the 13th when we loaded our mules and took the road for Chiapas. We made 22 miles in an easterly course to the Hda. La Venta where we hired a walled native hut for the night. The owner of this place is a widow who has a reputation of being extremely inhospitable to travellers so we did not trouble her but did well enough among the Indians who treated us very well. On the 14th of July we made 20 miles to the Indian town of Mitlapec. All the way from San Jeronimo our course has been across the gently sloping coast plain covered with bushes & woods in most of its extent but varied by open grassy prairies & again by belts of dense, heavy forest along the low bottoms bordering the small water courses & arroyos. On the 15th we reached Jaramatepec, 22 miles from Mitlapec. Our route was a little S. & east across the nearly level coast plain. Grassy savannas of considerable extent

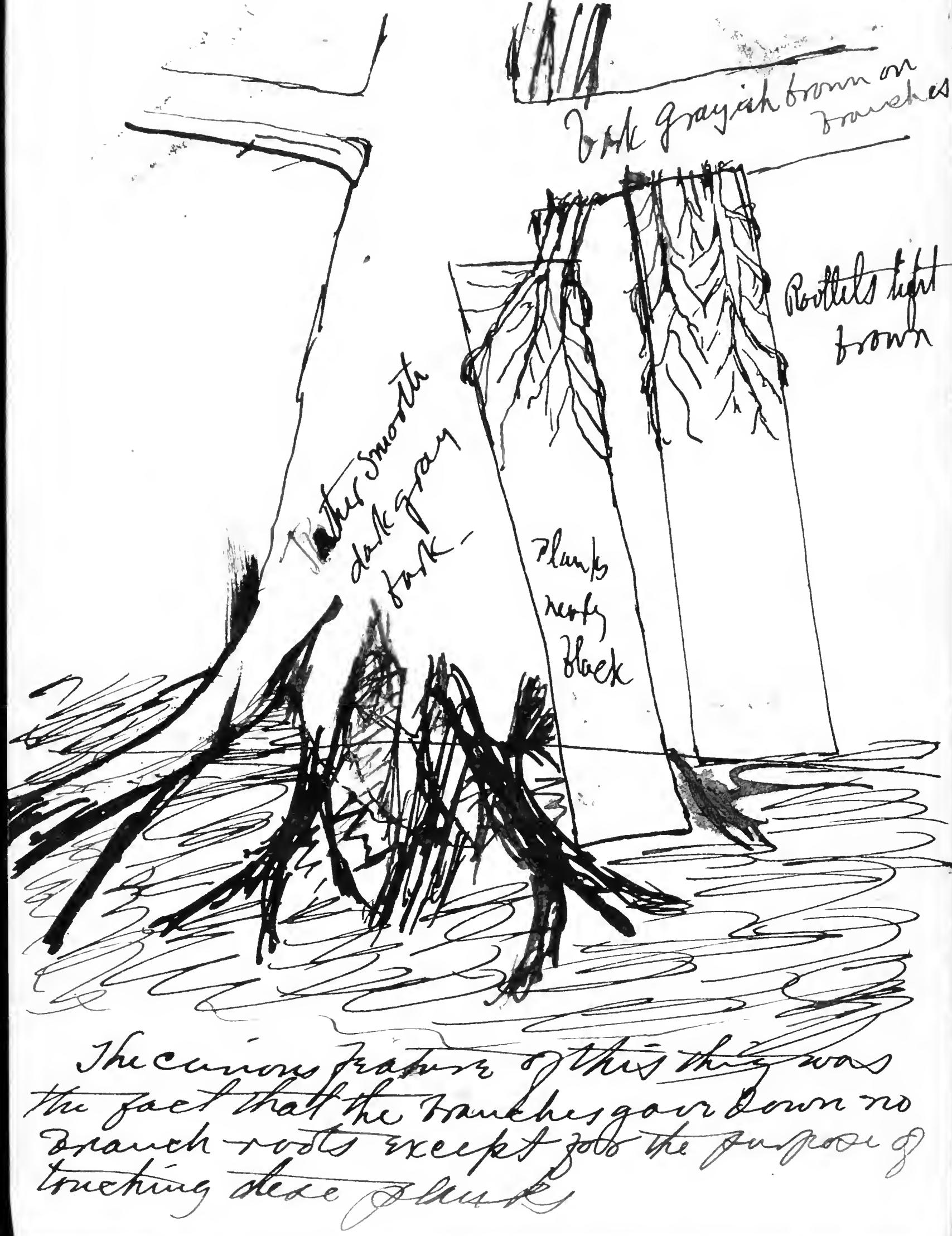
W^W found along this part of our route
and alternating areas of country over-
grown with bushes & less woods.
On the grassy prairies we saw a number
of Jack-rabbits and the general character
of the country ~~was~~ in surface & vegetation
was notably similar to that about Tehuantepec.
On our way we overtook an American
named Gooss who is locating engineer on
the Guat. Northern R.R. & lives in Guatemala
city. He is now on half pay as work is not
being pushed on the R.R. so he is putting in
his time driving pack mules from Central
Mex. to sell in Guat. where there is a very
good market for them owing to the great
demand for pack animals to take the coffee
to the sea coast. Gooss served a long time
on Brazilian R.R.'s & was an agreeable
companion. At Tamaulipeca we stopped
at a house kept by a widow & her widowed
daughter-in-law with a large family of
children & an adopted child ~~of~~ whose
parents had died. I have been constantly
surprised at the number of middle-aged
widows I have seen about the country &
especially in southern Mex. I can only
account for this by the idea that the men
die much younger than the women by
reason of their more dissipated habits.
The physique of the women throughout
southern Mexico - except in the high mts.
it is strikingly superior to that of the men &
it is easy to see that the men will succumb
to disease more quickly than the women owing
to their drunkenness & excessive sexual indulgence
which is not unusual among the women ^{under} 30 years old.

Along our route today we came on the trail of some soldiers en route to San Cristobal. The soldiers were marching in sandals. Following them were a number of miserable looking, dirty women - the temporary wives of the soldiers. Goss had some luncheon in his saddle bags which he held out to one of them & she sprang at it like a fawned animal. With their extremely small pay it is surprising how the soldiers live & keep these women. On the 16th we went on to Tapania, 18 miles across the same kind of country we passed over yesterday. Tapania is a small place situated on a slope at the foot of a hill. The people are mainly Indians (apotecos) but the business of the place is mainly in the hands of the family of the Frenchman Devonne who came here many years ago & made considerable money as an indigo planter. He established the Hda. Sta. Efigenia & had a numerous family. The daughters married foreigners. Among these was Francis Sumichrast who lived some years at Santa Efigenia & afterward marrying one of the daughters moved to a place a few leagues away to the east called Cacoprieto where he established a ranch. This he afterward sold and went to Sonala where he established a business & finally died of colera. From the Devonne family at Tapania (several of the daughters live there) I learned that the Hda. of Sta. Efigenia is now uninhabited except for a few Indian servants who are herding cattle there. A Mr. Zilg is there who married one of the daughters & has a store in Tapania, volunteers to take

Me out to the Hacienda when I explained my desire to go there to get duplicate types of some mice (*Peromyscus melanophrys*) taken there by Semichrust. On July 17th we left Tapaná & rode out through neglected brush-grown trails for 8 miles to the Hda. which is nearly north of the town. We found the huge buildings of the Hda. closed & lonely in the midst of an encroaching growth of rank weeds & bushes that are rapidly resuming possession of the old fields. The lofty rooms of the great house were occupied by many bats & looked gloomy enough when the rusty locks & hinges gave way to let us enter. Taking possession of the most habitable room we arranged our outfit for some days work. Our guide returned at once to town leaving us with the Indian herdsmen in full possession. The Indian men were going about absolutely nude except for a bunch cloth. Two of the women here had a mixture of negro blood judging from their features & hair. They were milking some cows here & making the sour milk cheeses of the country. We found the old woman of the herd here, to be a good natured, friendly person from whom we secured milk & a little cheese. Our stay at this place was not prolonged & there we planned & it was the first of August before we resumed our journey. The mice we were after live back in the foothills of the adjacent mts. several miles away so it was slow & hard work learning them. From the natives I learned that quite a number of spider monkeys came regularly to feed on

Just in front of the Hda. building at Sta. Efiquina is a large wild fig tree against the trunk & lower branches of which had been placed several planks hewn planks. These had been standing thus with one end on the ground & the other against the tree & against its large lower branch for a number of years so that between the weather & white ants the planks were in an advanced state of decay. The remarkable thing in connection with these planks was the fact that the large lower branch of the fig had given off branches or air roots which descending had clasped the upper ends of the planks in a close grasp so that it would be impossible to remove them without breaking them to fragments. One plank leaning directly against the branch was grasped by several roots & another plank leaning against the trunk of the tree a foot below the branch was also grasped by roots given off by the branch as though it had the power of thought & volition & had sent out these roots from the branch knowing that the plank stood below. This sentinel power of the fig tree is commonly shown & always impresses me with a feeling that these trees are conscious & have a life like that of some animal without the power of locomotion.

the Circula is the commonest food of the monkeys.
Following cautiously up the course of the stream
for a mile or more above the nearest
crossing of the trail leading to Tapana.
The songs of a wood-warbler & the Honey-creeper
with an occasional clear warbling of a
merulaxis were the main notes that
broke the stillness of the forest which grows heavy
~~along~~ along the damp margin of the
stream. Here & there along an open stretch of
trail a large blue & black butterfly would
itself slowly along on slowly moving wings
to rest head the black forms of buzzard
cut across the openings where the sky showed
some chewed up fragments of jags under
a projecting branch showed where a squirrel
had taken breakfast & the odd track of a
taper down a soft, sleep bank was noted.
Suddenly a rustling of leaves followed
by a series of short hoarse barking cries told
us that the monkeys had heard us & were
making off. We at once dashed away in
pursuit & here being a comparatively open
piece of ground we were quickly under the
frightened creatures. Several were brought
down with charges of heavy shot making
a tremendous thudding & thud as they fell.
Meanwhile some of the older ones still barking
had made off in various directions & then
ceasing their note of alarm were lost in
the masses of foliage extending away on



all sides. I found that the only way to get these animals was to follow one until it was scared & then perhaps get a chance at other

a very short time leaving the forest silent & desecrated. The main body of the animals usually follow some old male but the flock breaks up if badly frightened the rear ones scattering. At this time many of the females were with yeg. One young one was taken with its mother when the latter was shot. It clung tightly about her waist from behind with its hands & feet clinging to her long fur & its tail wound about the base of the old one's tail. It clung desperately to the body of the old one & hid its face in her fur when I took hold of it to take it away. In places where they are not disturbed these animals are bold & will stop & peer down at one from the tree-tops assuming various absurd attitudes. One old female in trying to escape got into a tall tree cut off from others on the far side by a small creek some 15 yds across but the top of the nearest tree extended out to within about 30 or 35 ft. being lower than the tree in which the monkey was. As I came to the foot of the tree the monkey ran out on a strong branch & leaped off head foremost in the attitude of a dive and landed safely in the tree below catching the branches with her hands. She descended at an angle of about 45° & in a horizontal line must

have cleared 18 or 20 ft. one day.
While riding along the trail to the place
where I usually found the monkeys &
in company with an Indian boy & several
dogs we came suddenly on an old ♀ Armadillo
with eight young about $\frac{1}{3}$ grown. They had
evidently heard us coming for they were standing
in a little close pressed group, side to side, ~~in~~
~~the~~ half concealed by the grass & small plants
growing by the side of the trail. The dense growth
of overhanging bushes & small trees made
the spot a shady one at all hours. I got off my
horse thinking to catch one of the young ones
alive but at that moment the dogs saw
them & dashed at them. Instantly the silent
little group exploded & the little animals
dashed away exactly like so many small
pigs in their movements. The group broke
apart but all made a slight circuit & headed
for a certain point in the thick under
growth about 50 or 75 yds away. The barking of
the dogs then located the place where we
found them burrow where they had taken refuge
except for two of the little fellows that
the dogs had caught. That these animals stood
so still & let us approach within 20 ft. as
they did I think was due to their instinct of
self preservation. If they had moved
we should have seen them at some
distance but standing as they did we were
fairly on top of them & for they were seen
& had they started to have run a few yds.
to the side of the trail instead of directly in it
we should have passed without seeing them
they are not swift enough to escape dogs, foxes
& other animals of prey when discovered

so probably try to escape detection by standing still when alarmed by a noise in the forest. Their shell is of no protection except against birds of prey. Dogs tear them to pieces very quickly & I have seen the remains of several of them where they had been killed & eaten by animals in the woods. The most of the country about Sta. Efigenia is overgrown with the low woods & brush common to the tropical belt here. Back a little across the rather level ground where the old indigo fields were located begin the foothills which rise in steep slopes, partly wooded & partly open grassy country. The woods are low & brushy over the wooded slopes up to the top of the range which does not rise to more than 4500 or 5000 ft. near here & has a scattered growth of the tropical pine above about 1500 or 2000 ft. above sea level. This is the main range of the Cordillera which extends from the East side of the Isthmus to along parallel to the Pacific coast into Guatemala. Having finished our work in the woods going on the excessively rough rocky slopes of a limestone part of the foothills we saw many monkeys as well as along the river. Having finished our work we packed our outfit and prepared to continue our journey on the 1st of August. We passed Santa Efigenia and went on 16 miles beyond to a place called La Concordia just within the border of Chiapas.

Running just back of the town are high foothills followed by steep sloping peaks reaching 4-5000 ft. with their sides overgrown with trop. pines -

From Tepic to Tonalá we followed the coast plain which is partly wooded & partly grassy prairies like the country toward Tehuantepec -

Within a few miles of Tonalá I saw the last Jack Rabbit. This is the extreme point of their range along the coast in this direction. The town of

Tonalá is about 15 miles inland from the coast on the lower slopes of the foothills of the Cordillera. Between it & the sea is a gently sloping plain mainly overgrown with bushes & low wood.

There is a warehouse & some forges for unloading vessels along the open shore here which makes the port of Tonalá. The custom house officials & business houses are all located in Tonalá

& only go to the shore on steamer days which are twice a month. Tonalá has two or three

stores with a fair stock of goods & the house of Lilcheltz & Ordaz - the agents of the steamers is a well-made two story building.

The rest of the town is made up of insignificant houses. The place is of no importance except as a supply point for sending goods into the interior. Cattle raising & a little

farming are the industries of the people here.

On the 2^d we made 21 m. to a ranch

called "La Pampa" where we camped &

on the 3^d made 16 m. to the town of Tonalá

where we ~~were~~ put up temporarily in a

miserable hotel.

It took me until the 5th to find a room

in which we could do our work.

When I left the hotel the rascally proprietor

tried to cheat me in the ap. & forced an

extra payment for our pack saddles having

been kept under a shed on his premises.

The people where we rented a room were

very reasonable & honest in their demands

to make an offset to the former aggrivation.

Tonalá is mainly a town of mexicans or

half bloods with few indians so that

Spanish is the language. The center of

the main plaza is occupied by a

fine broad spreading, round topped

Ceiba tree. This is surrounded by a

circular wall of masonry just outside

the line of outer road or ranches & the enclosed

space is paved with cobble stones. In this

paved enclosure the daily market is held

by the women who sell all manner of provisions

& fruits & vegetables. This market usually

lasts until about noon till nearly all

day on Sunday. Here we met an old Spanish

doctor who is a traveling dr. He has been in

a number of the countries of northern America

and is now traveling about Mexico doing

what he can. He was very nonchalant over

what he can. He was very

Another Spaniard a bright young fellow
was also here selling goods for dealers in
Spain & Mexico City. The Spaniards are
skilled traders & a very large share of the
business in Mex. is in their hands.
During our stay here I made a trip to the top of the
range of foothills just back of town to a point over-
looking the town & all the surrounding country
as far out to sea - a beautiful view. There on the
open grassy slopes of the hilltop is an extensive
ruin situated at about 7500 ft. alt. The hillside
has been terraced with ^{narrow} intermediate slopes
faced up with rough stonework & two small
pyramids of small size occupy the centres
of smooth floored plazas surrounded by
stone walls. These plazas are in hexagonal
shape. The houses must have been made of
wattle & mud as the stonework although extending
over a considerable area appears to be
the remains of walls, terrace slopes & some foundation
like pieces of work. Only a very few large mon-
olithic stones with squared faces were seen
the rest being rough stone as gathered or roughly
broken & laid so to give as smooth a face
as possible. Only a single effort at sculpture
was seen & it was on a large rounded boulder
lying in one of the pyramid plazas. It had
the figure of a large face cut in the
upper side of the stone but the weathering has
effaced it so that it is difficult to distinguish
all the features. Like the others most of
these ruins would not indicate much
civilization & the only fragments of pottery
seen were the common dark coarse kind
which is still made & used for common
domestic purposes.

While at Tonalá we met an American woman & her husband. I name her first for she was a remarkably energetic woman & her husband was just the opposite. She was married only a few months ago & before that she had planted a coffee ranch & sold it for \$30000 at Tapachula & now with her husband has a place between Tonalá & Tapachula (near Janatapa) where they are going into the cattle business. The Mexicans say she runs the ranch, going off to look after men in the fields in the morning while her husband stays about the house. She is very bright & intelligent & is fond of shooting & all outdoor occupations. Her husband is an ex-cowboy & far inferior to her in intelligence.

no ornamental coloring or even incised lines ~~ever~~ ever seen.

On our return to town my guide took a short cut and killed a deer that has a remarkably bright red coat. At Sta. Sofía enia we found the same deer as at Tehuantepec & it also occurs here. Having turned the spec's. on hand over to the S.S. Co. we packed our outfit & started for interior Chiapas on the 13th of Aug.

We travelled back nearly parallel to our old course to the ranch called La Calera.

16 miles from Tonalá in a new course.

On the way we crossed the track of the abandoned P.R. that ~~was~~ was built from the harbor of Tonalá for between 50 & 60 kilometers inland, passing about 3 miles to one side of Tonalá & ending a few miles from La Calera. There are wagons & other equipments on the track near the coast that have stood there weathering for a number of years. The trees have rotted away & many of the telegraph poles have fallen down.

The road was started by an English Co. & the people of the neighboring region here in Chiapas give a very unreliable record to all concerned in the local management of affairs. The Mex. Govt. has recently confiscated the abandoned property for non-fulfilment of contracts & are offering it to the state of Chiapas if the local Govt. will build the road on to San Juan, the present capital. This would be a most unwise thing for they would not be business enough to warrant trying a work. It is stated to be the case that La Calera is situated to take its name from the

fact that a limestone hill rises here in the midst of the otherwise metamorphic formation. This hill stands up as a sharply rising peak in the little valley in which is located the village of La Calera. Lime kilns are located about the base of the hill & it is one of the main busineses of the people here to make lime & take it to Tonala & even to Tapachula. (It brings up to 4cts. a lb. in the latter place). The lime burning is carried on in a very desultory way in open pits. The manner of doing business in this region is shown by the fact that the town Council of Tonala started to build a bridge over a stream between town & the landing on the coast. When the masonry was partly completed, for the abutments, the rains began. The lime burners at once announced that they could not burn lime during the rainy season, having open pits, so the work on the bridge was suspended until the end of the rains 5 or 6 months later. Meanwhile if something else comes up to draw the attention of the Council in another direction this bridge may remain in this condition indefinitely as I have seen many pieces of work left after being half done in various parts of the country. Along the road I was overtaken by a young woman on horseback and in talking with her learned that she lived in Tonala but was now on her way to a ranch the owner of which had been married when 11 yrs. old & had

been a widow for several years.
Her husband had left her the ranch with
about 80 head of cattle & she added
that her husband's family had not
taken the ranch from her ~~in~~ in a
way that showed that she would not
have thought it remarkable if they had
taken the property.
I asked her how it came that she had not
married again & she said that she had
had plenty of chances but that she
feared to marry for her husband
might drink up all her property
leave her in the street.
At La Calera we obtained permission
to sleep in the corridor of a house
occupied by a half breed family who
have cattle on the range here.
They complained of the dry years which have
recently caused so much loss to cattle
owners all along this coast.
This ~~is~~ ^{was} ~~an~~ ^{old} ~~day~~ in the afternoon just after
our arrival a sharp shower occurred.
The rains have been very heavy at night
since our stay at Tonalá but in the day
time sunshine & clouds look ahead
one another across the country.
The weather was warm in the day but
not uncomfortable at night & frequently
needed a blanket to cover me most
in the daytime the sun made the morning
loaded atmosphere rather oppressive
to the rise in

The heavy smokiness of the atmosphere that obscures the horizon so thoroughly in southern Mex. in the dry season is cleared away in part by the rains so that one gets a view of the mts. softened only by a bluish haze if they are distant & those near by stand out very distinctly. The country is brilliantly green now from the effect of the recent rains and is very attractive. On the next morning - the 14th - we went on striking directly into the mountains. Our course lay up a narrow trail ascending the steep slope in a winding course. We were soon up on the slope so that a fine view was seen of the white line of breakers along the shore and the series of coast lagoons. In places the trail ~~had~~ on this ascent has been worn down by the travel and the rains until one is in a deep cut now overcut with walls 20 or 25 ft. high where no two animals could pass one another. In one of these cuts I found a small snake trying vainly to make its way out & dismounted to capture it. Just as I was reaching out to pick it up an Indian came running down the trail & turned a gun in the ~~face~~ to ~~point~~ upon me without warning. He was within 4 or 5 ft. of the snake myself & the look of mixed surprise & horror at his encounter was laughable. He stood as if transfixed until I picked up the reptile & told him to go on which he did without any uneasiness, delay, or the day had become dark & threatening as we gained the summit at an altitude of about 3500 ft. This forms the summit of the

cordillera in this part of its coast & the highest peaks scarcely reach 4000 ft. to 5000 ft. The tropical pine & some scrubby oaks of 2 species form an open forest on the ridges. Descending the north slope we could see a fine open valley lying below brilliantly green with grasses & the open pine forest all about us was carpeted with a brilliantly green growth of grasses & small herbs.

The ~~grass~~ small vegetation while being enough to give a vivid green covering to the earth, with flowers of red, yellow, white & blue scattered about was still scarcely enough to denote a rather sterile soil.

Partway down the slope we came to ~~a~~^{shallow} ~~an~~^{dry} rancho with a large house when we stopped just as a light shower passed. Here we remained all of the next day (Aug. 15th) collecting birds & mammals, neither of which were very numerous.

On Aug. 16th we went on in a northw. course & after a couple of miles of gentle mt. slope through grassy pine forest ~~where~~ we followed ~~the~~ the trail out on the open valley which sloped gently down toward the white buildings of an hacienda. Passing this we can see the usual group of small servants, half grouped at one side & the large corral close by showed that stock raising formed the main business. We were now in the valley of Tiquipiles down which we travelled all day. The valley is from 3 to 8 miles wide & bounded by a low range of mts. rising in rounded contours to an altitude of from 4,645 to 5,000 ft. on their highest summits. A small stream flows down the middle of the valley was bordered by

Scattered
a vigorous growth of trees & bushes
until near evening when we came
to a stretch of low flat land on which
is a fine heavy growth of timber of various
tropical (upper trop.) species. In these
woods were many of the great red & yellow
macaws uttering their discordant shrieks
and cries from the branches of the tallest trees to tops.
In these woods also occurs Catela villosus according
to the natives. Having passed through the belt of
forest we came out again into a valley
narrower than that which had left with
a more sterile & dry character. Here
were seen by oaks, acacias, &c indicating
a drier climate. Mocking bird & Colomus
Coryphos were common all day in the
valley bottom. Just as we left the heavy for-
est we came to ~~the~~ an adobe house which evidently
served as a stopping place & where we put up
for the night. We were given permission
to sleep on the ground in the shelter of the porch or
corridor when several people were already
camped. Here I got at work on the birds taken
along the road during the day & soon had a good
natural history collection whose contents were
amusing. One of the men finally said he had
been in the City of Mex & seen the museum there
& supposed I must be getting specimens
for this purpose. This was quite surprising
as it is known that even the more intelligent
people in out of the way places in Mex. have
any idea of the use that specimens can be
put to. The ordinary decision is that they serve as
medicine. To be the next am. we were
up & while packing the animals the song of
Guar & mocking birds were heard.

from the patches of bushes & low trees
nearby. During this day (the 17th) we
kept on in the same course through a
valley much narrower than before &
late in the afternoon reached a ranch
known as San Ricardo. This place is
on a rolling plain forming a part of the
valley here. The stunted growth of vegetation
& scarcity of grass show that the climate is much
drier than near the head of the stream about
our route yesterday. We made 18 m. today & stopped at an alt. of

Aug. 18. Made 18 m. in an easterly
course to town of Ocozcuautla alt. 3100 ft.
from San Ricardo the road led for a mile or so
across the plain & then ascended what appeared
to be a range of low mts. 500-800 ft high fronting
the east side of the valley. When the summit
was reached we were surprised to find our
selvrs on the border of a plateau - plain receding
away 15-20 miles to the east & with scattered
round topped hills along its western border
where we were. These low hills were situated
in the midst of the plain from which they
arose abruptly from the general level. The
plain was generally open & grassy with
a few wooded spots & the hills were covered with
a long growth of trees & bushes & sometimes
bushes. The brilliant green grass of the plain
with the wooded hills gave a beautiful park-
like effect to the scene. The town of Ocozcu-
autla lies at the eastern border of the plain
at the base of another terrace like slope
that descends abruptly to the border of the plain
on its eastern side. We stopped at this
place a few days but did not get much

Here we heard the marimba used as a serenading instrument. One night at about 11 P.M. One of these instruments was placed under the window of a house across the street where 2 yg. ladies lived & while one man held a small lantern made of dried paper the serenader played several pieces. The chilly night breeze seemed to be too much for the enthusiasm of the party after sneezing & coughing for nearly as much of the time as was spent in playing the instrument was carried away. From the rains that are falling in heavy showers almost daily now the climate is cool & pleasant here & the vegetation green & fresh. The people living here are mainly mixed blood there being very few Indians & all talk Spanish. They claim that the people about here are very honest & I had a proof of it at a small village we passed just before reaching Ocozumel. We had dinner in a little wayside Cantina & used our pocket knives. When we left I forgot mine on the counter. We were a mile away when an Indian came running after & gave me the knife. This was a most surprising thing as at the rate in such places is to not let such combs escape. The Marimba is an instrument used only by men & when I asked a little girl at the fonda if she could play on it she was very indignant saying "I am not a man".

On Aug. 21st we left Ocoz. & proceeded 10 m. in the course to the little Indian village of Sacilapa. This place is occupied by an old Indian & his family & relations. We had some trouble in getting a place to stop but finally when we could find no place the old man made room for us in one of the two houses he had. There we were lodged as in the place where the holy image of the Virgin was kept owing to the church being a rocky rock & the whole front end of the house was taken up with the improvised altar.

To get here from Ocuilanilla we ascended the bluff east of town for 500 ft. to its top & found ourselves on an open, grassy, rolling plain with limited areas of bushes & small trees. To the east the plain extended to the horizon (in direction of Juxtlahuaca) but to the N. it was limited within 4 or 5 miles by a range of wooded hills that rise from 100 to 800 ft. above the general level & form the crest of the mountains at this point. This farther slope descending in a long sweep to the Chiapas River. The old man here was a Pinto forty thoroughly marked. He was a good natured friendly old fellow. The village is governed by him in a paternal manner & he attends to all matters that affect the village interests with the authorities. The women still ~~still~~ spin cotton & weave & hand cloth for their own wear & to sell. Some of the things have woven & embroidered patterns of which I bought a few articles. While at this village a ranchero from this ranch called "Alvacia" 3 miles east of Ocuilanilla - His name is Miguel Burguete. He was very friendly for a while one day. He was very friendly & invited me to go to his ranch to stop. The invitation was accepted & on the 24th of Aug. we moved over there. Found him living with wife & several children in a small, low roofed, mud-walled house. Earth floor & rude scanty furniture. He has 8 houses with this families living in grass thatched walled walls built near by. He grows some sugar cane & beans, corn, pine apples & coffee. The pine apples are very juicy here. This ranch is just at the edge of the forest that covers the range of the mts. rising from the plain to form the limit of the long, heavily forested slope up from the Chiapas river has a cool rather damp climate well suited to coffee. but the soil is so hard & clayey. Some coffee is grown here but on a small scale. Franklin made a trip to a coffee plantation

inhabited some 6 or 8 miles north of the ranch down the slope of the mt. The trail led through one of the most luxuriant & beautiful forests I have seen. The country of this forest is excessively rocky with broken & ragged limestone but the trees reach giant proportions, especially some huge wild fig trees with curious thin buttresses reaching out along the butt of trunk to the roots. Long vines hanging from the broad spreading branches. Lesser vines & a great many herbs with clinging parasitic plants went to make up a rich growth of vegetation among which the leaves of the trail gave sort changing instas of the greatest interest & beauty. Animal life was very scarce a very few birds being all that was noted. ~~At the edge of the forest we came~~ On the way we passed some men at work making a road through the rocky area from the ranch. This work was undertaken by the owner of the ranch alone - this one of the most energetic mexicans I have seen. He has opened up this ranch 3 leagues back in the forest & has 30000 coffee plants out with 20 mowers. Some of these mowers owe over 3000. The entire system of labor in Chiapas is that of employing men who have an indebtedness to you. As a rule this debt is never extinguished & the man serves all his life. His only method is to run away if he wishes to free himself from debt. To men in this condition the law holds them to the service of the one to whom they owe & if they become dissatisfied they can ask for a paper stating the amount of their debt & then they go out to find for some employer who is willing to assume the debt by paying the first 100 pesos & then they transfer their services. owing to the relative scarcity of labor their employer is on his good behavior.

While at this ranch I saw two species of Triamico (the large & common one) they were both in a beautiful shady spot in the heavy forest close to a fine spring bubbling from the limestone ledge. On this ranch the soil is very good but the coffee trees at the lower edge of the plantation made a heavy yield last year & their lower branches then died on a large part of the trees so that the trees are not as strong as they should be. On the upper part of the slope they are more thrifty & robust in appearance.

In the afternoon I tramped alone through the forest it was getting dark & shadowy as I rode through the heaviest part of the woods when the air was already damp laden with the odor of plants & decaying vegetation with the rising humidity of night. The notes of several Solitaires were heard in sweet cadences as I rode through the midst of the gloomy aisles where the trees were largest & a dark nest brown worn was heard a few times but most of the way the silence was unbroken except by my horse's feet.

In this neighborhood the money paid men for a month's work amounts to about 3-5 dollars a month with rations of corn, beans & salt making a value of from 7-8 as a month's pay. On Aug. 29th we left Rancho Alsatia for Juxtlá - 23 m. in an east & course - when we arrived in the afternoon Juxtlá has an alt. of about 2000 ft. for several miles out of Alsatia the road is across the rolling plain that rises gradually to a summit or divide at about 4500 ft. & then descends gradually for 10 or 15 miles to the valley of Juxtlá to the ~~small~~ Chupes Riv. a large part of the plain and also of the slope descending to Juxtlá is overgrown with bushes & low trees so the soil is poor. Climate among

which were conspicuous Calliandas, Cassia,
acacias, Sages, Rhus and Cyprusses along
a small stream near the town of Don
Rodrigo. We passed here a midday & the
place had a sombre sun-baked appearance,
built as it is on an outcropping of whitish
limestone. scarcely a bush grows near
the mud-walled & wattled houses & huts.
as usual a few tiled roofs showed the
residences of the "ladinos" or half breeds of
the better classes. Back of this place is a small
coffee district. Descending the long slope from
this lonely looking village we finally entered the
long, narrow valley leading down to the Chiquia
river & in which, about 8 or 9 miles above the river,
is located the city of Tuxtla Gutierrez - the present
state capital. In front of nearly every small house
along the main street of Don Rodrigo as we passed
was a dog with a whirling stick for twisting maguey
fiber cord - This stick consisted of a short
handle projecting through an oblong flat
stick a foot or 15 in. long to the door end of which
is fastened the cord. The dog then begins to whirl
it like an old fashioned watchmans rattle & back
slowly away from the person (usually an old man) who
sits in the doorway or shake off the house & spins
out the material from the loose fiber on the ground
between his knees. Most of the dogs have
a forked stick about 4 ft. high to the top of
which the whirling stick was fastened & the
turned by a short handle while the stick was
held upright by the dogs left hand; its point resting
on the ground. For this purpose the cord is sometimes
fastened to the border of a wheel. Long cords 40-50
ft. were being spun to use in making rope.
The valley of Tuxtla is arid & not much cultivated
owing to lack of water. It is from 7 to 8 miles wide
& bounded on the right side as we descended

From a bluff like front of ~~the~~ an elevated plain ^{going} like that at Ocozquemanta on the left is a range of low mts. rising from 800-2500 ft. above the valley covered with scanty growth of veg. with tropical pines along summits. About 2 miles & some miles above the valley is rather open & slopes gently seawards to base of hills. The town is in the very bottom & has no striking features. The same sleepy air pervades it that one finds everywhere in towns of this country. There is considerable business done here however as it is the centre of supplies for all the interior of the state. The churches are large & well built & the Gov't house is one of the most decayed & tumble-down structures I have seen in the country. As we came down the valley we passed ~~over~~ large white tombs built by themselves on a bare knoll close by the roadside, then a town in the road about the point of a hill showed us the low dark mass of houses of the town with the white facade of the largest church rising boldly over the roofs in the usual dominating manner. We passed slowly up the narrow, cobble paved streets to the middle of the town where we found a hotel that had been recently opened by a couple of truckmen. There we put up & proceeded to look about the town. In the middle of the plaza is a high ~~wooden~~ ^{wood} platform on open sides in which is held the most ~~large~~ ^{large} market every day. Among the prominent features of the market are large scales, painted green & yellow with cacao beans in connection with these ~~they~~ ^{they} learned the curious survival of the old method of counting & money, values in the fact that small change is often made by the use of cacao beans & these usually go at 2 beans for 1 peso. 1.3 cacao beans for 1 peso.

This method of counterfeiting & trading up to
obsolete coins. Nothing of special interest
was noted in the market. As far as in
many Mex. towns the water supply is very scanty.
I called on the acting Governor here & got from
him a letter to the authorities of the state.
He is a Sr. moquel, the acting Gov. in absence
of Trujillo Rabasa who was elected but went to
the city of Mex. to fill some judicial office then
after serving a part of his term, during this time
he removed the Capital from San Cristobal to
Chiapas & introduced various changes in the
laws governing the state through the legislature
which is always the mobile instrument of the
executive in this country. By these means
Rabasa became generally disliked by the
people of this state who are against the Adm.
of Gen. Diaz & who have given the nickname
of don Perseus instead of D. Porfirio. I am inclined
to believe this opposition to Diaz to be a part from
the hold of the Clergy of the state on the people. After
considerable inquiry & hearing many reasons
for the change of the Capital from San Cristobal
I finally learned the true reason & this was the fact
that San C. people are very bitter against the
Diaz adm. & express their opinions freely & openly. This
has caused the same result as in Guanajuato
when the old Capital G. Victoria was abandoned for
Chilpancingo for a similar ~~controversy~~
The Lawyer Rojas in jail at P. M. T. for defamation
of the Governor Rabasa in connection with a law
suit he was the Gov. withholding wages in con-
nection with the suit, when instead of holding its own
methods used by the Government of Diaz of the Mex.
Rabasa over the ~~authorities~~ ^{local} ~~authorities~~ that Rojas had been
when the local ^{authorities} that Rojas had been
was repeated several times that Rojas had been

especially occupy ~~all~~ other ~~an~~ land not
property or sold in lots by the state at a fixed
price according to the classification of the
land by the Govt. The cost of surveying to the
price of the land occupied by each person must
be paid by occupant resulting in considerable
hardship to the Indians. The result was that one of
the am. surveyors was shot at Tuxtla last year.
This is one of the items of the Rabasa administration
that is held against him. It will result in an
actual benefit to the state however as the
holding of large unenclosed tracts by Indians
is a great hindrance to settlement.
From Tuxtla we went out about 3 miles to the ranch
of Don Ciro Tzurra, an attractive place on the hill-
side. There was a very fine palm tree growing here
that has a fine columnar trunk swelling a few
inches in diam. above the ground about $\frac{1}{3}$ d
of distance to top. The administrator here is a
curious character whose life has been a turbulent one
amid the wars & revolutions of the past years.
The view from the ranch house here down across the
valley is a beautiful one & includes the upper end of
the deep box canyon through which flows the
~~Tuxtla~~ Chiapas R. From here I made a
rapid horseback trip with one of the surveyors to
the country lying N.W. of Tuxtla. On Sept-
3d we left Tuxtla before day break & lost
some time in getting on the right trail. When
dawn began we met some people on their way
to market and got off on the right road at last.
For a few miles we were in the valley & then the trail

led us up into the rocky, limestone hills to the right (or north side). We reached a place called ~~Don Roche~~ San Fernando about 9:30 & stopped to have coffee at a small store in which the stock consisted of a few candles, some pitch pine, a few bottles of aqua dijinte & some clay vessels (pots, water jars, bowls &c). A couple of attractive mestizo girls, daughters of the owner, served the coffee & were quite frank in conversing with us. From here we still ascended (San Fernando is at about 3500 ft.) and at noon came to a ranch (belonging to some Mexicans) beautifully situated on the top of the mts. where the broad rolling summit was diversified with areas of grassy openings & stretches of oaks & pines. This was at an altitude of over 4000 ft. A few miles beyond this ranch where the people were very friendly & prepared us dinner, we began a long descent toward the Chispa R. This slope is indeed very rocky & we took a couple of hours getting down to the river. There at an alt. of 1600 ft. we found the town of Chicoasen. The town bridge across the stream which is a couple of hundred yds across & with a strong deep current we hauled the ferry men across the stream & before long 3 Indians in a large dug-out canoe came across. Putting our saddles aboard we forced the horses into the water & swam them alongside as the men paddled across. Fortunately we started across some distance above the landing as we did not long away with the current. It is a place of perhaps 100 houses with a ruined church in the middle. Here we lodged in the public building (posada) a couple of colts made of cane being set out for us. The horses were tied in front of the inns.

were quickly sent to bring in green corn stalks for feed. In the morning we had considerable skirmishing with pigs to keep them from carrying off all the horse feed. The people recognizing my companion as one of the surveying party that measured the lands of neighboring towns last year were very anxious to learn the object of our trip & assured us that the lands about their town are too poor to be worth surveying. They told us how poor they were with an eagerness that revealed their anxiety. The lands here are very and no little value & for this reason were not surveyed at the same time as the others.

Sept. 4th Today we made 28 m. in a new course passing Copainala at an alt. of about 2800 ft. & reached the Indian village of Teapaetan at 3000 ft. At Copainala is a ruined church & the town itself is a deserted looking place on an and hillside. Half way to Teapaetan we enter the humid zone & a change in birds, mammals & veget. takes place. species of the dry country like that about Justla gives place gradually to the species of the humid tropics at Teapaetan. At Teapaetan is a ruined church on a hill above the town & on the right bank of a fine clay stream flowing by the town is the finest ruined church & monastery I have seen in Mex. The interior of the rooms on ground floor still contain their domed ceiling, ribbed & subdivided by arched partitions. Much of trees in geometric patterns were visible. Many of the walls had a broad white wash or many of the buildings with its outer border wash.

was one of the most striking features of the scene. A massive square bell-tower at one corner with a narrow stone stairway winding up a small bastion at the corner & lighted by long narrow slits in the walls led up to the top of the tower where hung two massive bells that must have been cast here for I do not see how they could have been brought in otherwise. The stone stairway shows many signs of wear from the monkish feet & standing in the tower & looking out over the town below & across the beautiful slopes of the wooded hills all about & the stream winding down the middle of the valley made as rich a picture as ever monkish eyes held in view. It was told me that the last cholera visitation depopulated this place & that it has only recently begun to regain its people. We found the town made up of rude adobe & wattled huts, straw roofed & dirt floor. The only store is a small place where we were given permission to sleep on the narrow board counter on which also our meals are served from a neighboring hut by an unusually good looking Indian woman. About this place within 3-4 miles are some very good copper lands. We rode out to some land owned by an American dentist named Sturges who was absent. We found the place well adapted to copper but in a distressing state of neglect. There was another American living a half mile away - an ex-volley-ball man who was a drunk. His conversation exceeded anything I ever had the misfortune to hear in the way of vulgarity. We left the place as soon as possible.

to Ixpoctan. The country on our way & at the ranch has a fine forest growth & is well adapted to coffee. On the way, we passed a fine sulphur spring & the trail led a mile or two along the coarse of the stream with very beautiful scenery on both sides. Passing along the upper side of a corn field, the trail being bordered by matted thickets on both sides, we were pleased by the sight of a band of collared peccaries dashing across the trail just in front of & after the other. They were retreating from their night's raid on the corn.

In the early morning when leaving town my companion led me up the wrong trail & we became mixed up in a series of small corn fields, coffee patches & woods but as day began to dawn the view of the creeping clouds along the faces of hill & mtn. slopes as the mists of night took form before vanishing with the rising of the sun, the fresh odor of flowering plants & herbs & the lush variety of plant life was a reward for hours of wandering. The cool dew laden branches brushed our cheeks, & long mimosa's with balls of pink flowers reached their clawed branches out & caught us by the hat or clothing & the nicely modulated songs of many birds & insects came from the woods all about.

All day the sky remained cloudy & in the afternoon the long horizontal clouds like those of yesterday reformed along the hillsides & were full of ever fading intervals from their constant changes.

Our American wife has just come to Ixpoctan

are starting coffee planting here. They find much difficulty to get laborers the Indians nearly all have cornfields & small coffee plantations from which they get the necessities of life & beyond this do not wish for anything except money enough to buy an occasional drunken bout.

On Sept. 7th we left Tecpactan & went about 12 miles across the mts. to the village of Tzecula on the Chiapas Riv. at an alt. of about 1000 ft. This place also has an ancient church now roofless & deserted. The town is a small place at the upper edge of the Cacao lands along the river & also is upper point reached by large freight canoes. To get here they pass through some dangerous rapids a few leagues below Tzecula. The state put in \$8000 trying to clear out the rocks at this place a year or so ago but the money was thrown away under incompetent management & no benefit done. Every now & then a canoe is lost with its crew of 3 or 4 men in passing the rapids. An accident of this kind occurred not long ago. With this exception the river is open to navigation for small steamers from San J. Bautista to Tzecula. Some good cane brought up here for Tuxtla & taken from here there by mules but this business is now nearly closed as the supplies mainly come from Tonalá. There is talk now of running the abandoned piece of railway near Tonalá & bringing it to Tuxtla. This would be a very losing piece of business for the trade of interior Chiapas is insignificant. About Tzecula are some small Cacao plantations but the trees are much smaller than on the lower banks down the river. Some coffee is also grown here. The climate is hot & rather sickly. In our way

Note: Above Tzecchula -
From the river up for about 2000 ft. the
formation is gravelly conglomerate, then
comes in a kind of slate formation & then
the limestone -

down from Tzecpactan we crossed a high
ridge about 4800 ft. & then descended through
a magnificent forest of some liquid amber, wild fig,
oaks & other trees of the upper humid trop. zone. As the
trail led us through a strip of especially dense wood
I was riding behind & suddenly saw a leopard cat
spring up the trunk of a tree growing out of a narrow
gulch along which we were riding. I drew my revolver &
a quick shot at the animal was fortunate enough to
strike it. The cat sprang back off the tree & fell into the
gulch bottom. Pistol in hand I descended in the
dense thicket to find my game & found it dead
close by the side of a young boa about 5 ft. long.
An examination showed that the cat had eaten
the head & some of the muscle on the back of the boa.
As the snake was still quite fresh I suppose the cat
must have killed it. When near Tzecchula we
met Santos Vidal a mestizo who is the most energetic
native about this district. He was enroute to visit
a new coffee plantation he is putting out or accepting
his invitation to go back to his house & take dinner with
him & then made a visit to his plantation & then
on to Tzecchula where we were given a decent
mud daubed house (where an American surveyor
was shot a year ago). Some handsome young rubber
trees are growing along the hillsides near this place.
The country along the river is made up of conglomerate
(of ~~fine~~ gravel mainly) at Tzecchula. Between
Tzecpactan and in limestone country the river
on Apr. 8th we were joined as was the river
& descended the long slope leading up the south side
of the river on a altitude of about 3000 ft. when we were near
the river on a right side a branch river was
crossed on a bridge of boards & a path. The next
day we made an exploration after crossing
the bridge we made an exploration after crossing
some 3 miles of extremely rough road full of

note - at crossing of Chiapas Riv. the alt. is about 2800 ft. we crossed in a dug out ferry canoe with a lot of natives carrying all manner of cargo. Our horses & mules swimming - The river is 200 yds. or more across here 3 or 4 miles below it descends by a fall into the box canyon known as the Sumidero but does not flow through a cañon I have been told.

rough & jagged limestone boulders of all sizes we came out on the rolling plain near Ocuiltapa. Then we stopped for breakfast with my former Indian doots & then went on. Continuing at a good gait all day we reached Tuxtla at 5 P.M. after making about 36 miles. Arranging the outfit we left Tuxtla en route to San Cristobal on the 13th of Sept.

5 miles down the valley from Tuxtla we came to the bank of the Chiapas Riv. opposite the town of Chiapa which is about equal to Tuxtla in size & in general appearance. Passing through the cobble paved streets we traversed the plaza & out through the far end of town. The place is built on the rolling slope rising above the river. Just back of town we began to ascend a rough limestone hill. Crossing this ridge we descended the opposite slope & came to a ranch known as El Calvario when we passed the night. This place has an alt. of 4300 ft.

The ranch is on the end of a long, narrow sloping plain which is now covered with grass & small herbs & brilliantly green. The slopes of the adjacent hills have a thin growth of scrubby oaks & tropical pines. On the ground

On the 14th we continued up the ranch till nightfall brought together a dozen or more Indians, all with back loads of something. Several were carrying huge baskets of baked bread from San Cristobal where it is baked from native flour.

A number of people make a business of taking pack loads of this bread to towns 100 m. or more away. They are often accompanied by their wives & sometimes one or two children. Boys, or girls 8 or 10 yrs. often tramping steadily along all day over the mountain roads.

On the 14th we ascended the gently sloping surface of the llano to its upper end, near which, at an alt. of 5100 ft. we reached El Burroso where we stopped just in time to avoid a heavy rain storm that swept out of the mts. in front of us. Soon after we encouned our pelors two parties of soldiers came up & getting quarters in the same house began blustering about. One officer in particular made himself obnoxious by his manner. I was amused by the man in charge telling me confidentially that officers were always thus when backed by a lot of soldiers but when they pass alone they are extremely polite & deferential. The rain continued all the pm. so we remained here for the night. ~~Alt. 5~~ This day we only made about 13m.

[San Cristobal has Casas]

Sept. 15th Today we made 16 miles and reached the w. Capital after a short day's ride. Alt. 8000 ft. from Burroso the open grassy plain slopes down toward El Calvario with a village in its midst & bordered on all sides by pine grown hills. The vegetation of this plain was the same as we found in the grassy plains of Ocuiltapa. On the road to San Cristobal we began to ascend at once after crossing a small cañon close to the ranch and the trail would take us up through the open pine woods. The tropical pine soon gave way to the small cedred species of the foot hills & disappeared at about 5300 ft. - 5500 ft. I was surprised to find many sycomores growing along a small stream bed which the trail passes at the same time along the cañon. A large cedar & madronos. At 6000 ft. a large cedar took

and pine came in ranging up to 7500. The road led up constantly until we entered a heavy layer of clouds and travelled for some time over the red clayey road with vague glimpses of hills & canons as the clouds opened or closed about us. Finally we reached a divide at 8700 ft. and saw below us a beautiful basin-shaped valley with its bottom covered with green meadows, ~~or~~ corn & wheat fields, with a village of dark brown houses & a white church in the middle. On every side the green valley bottom ended abruptly against the pine grown slopes of the bordering hills. Reaching the village we found the people to be all Indians except a negro who had a little store at one end of the main street, he was very friendly & set about getting us a little dinner at once. When we arrived he was engaged in the feminine occupation of crocheting a narrow piece of embroidery which he explained was done as a pastime & to sell to the Indian women. It seemed rather out of place to see a large robust man of 40 engaged in such work but I have seen the same thing in various parts of the country & such work seems to be quite common from the people. Riding out of the village we passed many other stoneapple trees very common along the route. Another divide crossing up to about 8800 ft. took us up out of the valley (8300 ft. at the town of Guanipa in the bottom) and a town down the farther slope brought us in view of San Cristobal being a league away against the base of the pine covered hill at the far side of a flat bottomed valley surrounded on all sides.

by wooded hills like the val. just left.
The green valley with its fields of corn & wheat
and the gleaming white walls of churches
I houses of the city on its far side made a
charming picture as we rode down the
slope toward it. A long straight road fenced
on both sides leads across the flat val.-bottom
to the town & along this we met many of the
indians of the surrounding mountains
villages returning from market. Many of
them both men & women were drunk & were
dragged & pulled along by their companions -
Some were boisterous but none of them offered
us any rudeness while some were excessively
polite. They were dressed in dark colored
woolen clothing made by themselves & often
in an advanced stage of raggedness so
that parts of the body were exposed in both men
& women. We reached the outskirts of town
and entered upon the usual cobble stone
pavement. Both sides of the street were lined
with one story adobe houses with sharply sloping slate
roofs. As usual built flush with the street.
The dark weathered surface of the spigles &
other wood work mottled & spotted with
moss & lichen gave the general aspect of
the town a dismal, decaying look.
Further on we encountered the streets full of
soldiers & people in holiday dress in preparation
for the national holiday, however
the middle of the town was all streets leading to the
Plaza were hung with drapery of lace curtains
& flags over the balconies, rosaries & streamers
of the national colors the fronts of houses & trees
of fir boughs & twigs fastened up on

pillars of the plaza & about the fronts
of some of the houses ~~making~~ & the floor
of the portal of the Govt house strewn with
twigs & leaves of pine making a very ar-
omatic & delightful carpet. We found lodgings
in the Hotel Francais kept by two old ladies
a block from the plaza. Our rooms were
most barren & dismal but the table was very
good for the country. There was no service
for the rooms so that one had to go out and
catch one of the boys that waited on the table
in order to get water, a candle or other service.
Once turned into a room the guest was never
visited by any servant even though there a
month as we were. We found along the
entrance street we arrived by a mischance
number of houses with the sign "Fabrica de
Aguadiente" of these places were counted
along one street between the borders of town & the plaza
& we afterwards found them on nearly all other
streets but especially those leading out into the country.
The Indians consume an enormous quantity of this
liqueur which is distilled from brown sugar brought in
cakes from the hot country. San Cristobal is a large town
formerly the capital but now depopulated by reason
of its hostility to the present Govt. It was once very
captured by the Chamula Indians in a rebellion.
It is now garrisoned by 3 battalions of troops
& 25 other battalions are quartered in
other parts of the state. The Guatemalan border
dispute a year ago gave excuse for firing
in the soldiers which will not remain
until the next presidential election is held.
During our stay here several officers of the
army boarded at the hotel & when the death

of Ponce de Rubio was announced the community showed that his affiliation with the church had made him a person much disliked by the army. An old colonel remarking that he was sorry for the death of a member of the president's family but that he felt it to be a good thing for the country as removing what might be a disturbing element; as it was commonly reported that he was the one to whom the church party looked for their hopes of future success & present backing.

We remained at San Cristobal until October 11th working the country & I had a slight period of illness. The climate was rainy and cool and most of the days were cloudy. In Nov. the rains end & the dry season begins lasting until the following spring (May usually). Winter frosts are severe - Corn, wheat and grown, & the general appearance of these high mountain valleys are that of some northern locality in New England or Canada rather than on the border of Central America - A market is held every morning in the plaza of San C. and I visited it a number of times to see the Indians who come in from the mountain villages all about bringing apples, peaches, stone apples, potatoes, cabbages, onions & some other vegetables as well as corn & wheat, (grain, oats, & hand made tables & trade pine chairs, tables, chairs, windows for houses all of wood & with their enclosing frame made to set in place in the mud walled houses. Also wool, dried meat, skins, sheep skins, &c. Almost all bare headed & wearing small coarse straw hats. Their feet generally naked or with common sandals with or without heel & toe. Clothing a pair of cotton trousers & long heavy wooden blouse put on

over the head & looped up at the waist with a rawhide cord. The blouse usually reaches to near the knee but is looped up about the waist to it reaches mid-thigh. The trousers are commonly rolled up to the thigh so one sees only dark legs below the blouse & often they only wear a cloth about the loins with one end passing between the legs & fastened at the waist again forming a breech clout. These wooden garments are usually black, or black & white striped. The women go bare-headed & barefooted. The hair done up in a rollabout crown formed by the two wisps behind each being rolled & wound about in opposite directions the ends wound about opposite roll. (Same style as used at Tepalalag, Oaxaca.) A white cotton huipil & dark colored enaguas blue or blue & black. They are a small race but the men are robustly built & the development of the muscles of their legs is remarkable. This comes from their living in ~~the~~ steep mt. country & constantly carrying heavy loads. 12.5 lbs. is the recognized load one of these men will carry 12 to 15 miles a day over the steepest mts. They are the carriers of this region & most of the business is done by means of them. They go out loaded in long files each with a long staff in hand & this pack supported by a wood leather strap over the crown just over for the head. As they ascend these steep slopes with their loads so often head & halting italks as comfortable as might be but when the ascent is very sharp the become silent & utter a hoarse whistling sound & then after talk & they emit their borato every 3 or 4 minutes. Women & old persons & infirm persons of both sexes are carried on the backs of the men in sets & are carried on the backs of the women in sets.

was proved to us only by a single case when my assist coming in from on horseback from a hunt one day met several of them partly drunk just out of town. One of the crowd seized his horses bridle and told him to stop but he put spurs to his horse & falling the fellow to the ground by a blow from his fist soon left the hooligan crowd behind.

chairs enclosed in an awning drawn over a wooden frame. These people belong to the "Socbil" tribe. They have extremely ugly, brutal faces and even the young girls show in the repulsive prognathous jaws that give their faces their characteristic style. The tops of their heads are narrow & ~~fore~~ rather long, a narrow retreating forehead above a small narrow eyes is another unattractive feature. With all mex. tribes of the "tierra fria" they are very filthy in personal habits, the children suffering from many heads & sore eyes in consequence. When we first arrived in town corn was very scarce & only a small amount was brought to the plaza each day. A fixed hour was appointed & a market inspector was there to attend to the distribution. The owner of the corn sat at one side & a crowd of women gathered round ranged in a semicircle facing the corn. There the inspector would take 6 cts. from ten women & give it to the owner of corn who then put an "allard" of corn into the shawl of one of the women & then she went to one side & the corn was divided up by the owners. In this way the supply would be used up & everyone get enough to last until next day. While here I met a Don Luis Parraque - a yg. native of this town who was at school several years near Philadelphia. I have nothing complimentary to record of him as his running of Americanism was too thin to be very useful. He assured me he loved the U.S. & Americans & soon after tried to make a few dollars by a forfaced & palpable lie - There is considerable wheat raised about here & some small flour mills are working here. No manufacture of any kind goes on except

small tailoring & shoemaking shops. The ~~the~~ valley in which the town is located is a basin with no outlet for drainage except through a cave in the limestone rocks at the lowest point a few years since the mouth of this natural drainage tunnel became choked with rubbish and the water backed up over most of the valley & began to invade the city - of which I saw a photo. Much alarm has caused as a rise of a few feet more would cover the valley & begin to engulf the town. At this moment the obstruction gave way to the weight of the accumulated water and in a short time the valley was in its ordinary condition. This was the centre of the work of the famous Bishop Los Casas for whom the town is named. His old church still stands by the plaza. I paid a visit to it out of respect for the memory of one of the very few honest & good hearted I found as that came to this continent in the days of the conquest. The good palace is a low, squat, footed building with the usual row of columns & porticos & a porch above which is disproportionately high for the size of the building. A low wall around the plaza lies in front about which are a number of 2 storied buildings - ~~the~~ The soldiers have barracks in two large ex-convents & no other buildings of note are found here. While here we were hunted out by an American tramp who had tramped this point on foot in search of that strange & unalluring & yet object for his kind work. He wished a little help he said in order to get to Guatemala City where he hoped to find work on the C.R. & had the usual story

tale of misfortunes to account for his present condition. I helped him on his way hoping he would get what he was after. These parasites are invading Mex. & Central America & impose on their countrymen whenever they find them & finding a ready response to their tales from the Caribes & aborigines people whom they find scattered through this region. ~~The idea~~

While here I presented to the Jeff. Politics my letters of introduction from the Govt but was treated very abruptly at first. This caused me to become angry & I spoke very openly to him as regards his duty in the matter of the assistance I wished in my work & which he at first flatly refused to give even though my letters from his superior ordered him to do what he could to aid me. When I had spoken sharply to him he went to another room where he remained a short time & came out with a letter ordering his subordinates to forward my work in every way & then assured me of his readiness to do anything I wished, & agreed to do the very thing he had flatly said he would not do a few minutes earlier. He kept his word & thence forth I found him exceptionally cordial & anxious to help. This is a good illustration of a number of similar affairs I have had with officials of lower grade throughout the country.

While in San C. I say one of the reviews of the soldiers held the first of March month. Was organized to see the Gen. Commanding the Department an Citizen clothes while every one else was in full dress uniform. After the soldiers had passed on

parade the gen. in command assisted by a retired gen. living near the head of the local customs dept. sat at a table with a full list of soldiers, officers & subordinates grade, then the soldiers when ready passed one by one before the table at which sat the officers sat & each soldier as he passed called out his name which was checked off. The officers nearly saluted as they passed & then the men checked filed off in twos to the barracks asking the reason for this I was told that it was done in order to prevent fraud in the pay roll.

Sept. 16th. On this date we left Salta & made 16 miles across a series of mountain ridges to the Indian village of Tucupaja. Some of the road lay across park like openings on the broad rolling summits of the mts at from 8500-9000 ft. but most of the way a thin forest of pines (some scrubby oaks, madroños & alders in places) bordered the trail on which we met many Indians going to market with pack loads of the produce of the country. Some of these saluted as they passed but the most went doggedly along without saying greeting. In many places in the fertile bottoms of the narrow valleys crossed were many thorn apple trees with other plants of the cold climate. The gaudy park like openings or prairies on the hill tops are good all over the tops of these mts when the summits are broad & rolling or flat. The pack animals fell about on the slippery and clay roads & gave much trouble as that it was late and when we came out on a steep slope went down us

in a deep, narrow, rocky walled valley the
village of Teneapa. It seemed to be just
out of sight & almost within a stones throw.
The streets were very plain & the plaza was full
of people engaged in the market. We zig-
zagged down & in half an hour entered
the main street & over its cobble pavement made
our way to the dilapidated town house where
my letter at once procured me the use of a
room in the building for the night. The people
here average very small, like those at San C.
They belong to the same tribe with a slight distinctive
difference ~~the~~ a man 5 ft 9 in tall looks
over the heads of almost all of the people & a
large percent of the women can walk under his out-
stretched arm. Like the people of San C. they are
very ugly featured & a large percent, probably
over half speak no Spanish & the others but little.
On the 13th we made an early start but had a
hard time climbing the rocky hill leading out of town.
One of the pack mules fell several times & it was
great good fortune that she was not killed. She
was snatched from falling down the cliff by the
growth of bushes just below the trail. Beyond this
hill we came out on a long slope leading
down to about 3500 ft. to a crossing of a deep
cañon just where a small river had cut its
way down into the limestone forming a narrow cañon
150 ft. deep. The trail crosses at the lower end of this
cañon where the stream comes roaring down in a
cascades between walls hung with vines, trees & great
stones & plants and ploughs among a great
array of boulders into the mouth of a beautifully bedded
river about 75 ft. at its mouth & narrowing rapidly
to a dash bed a hundred yds in after the
stream vanishes with an added roar.

Some Indians were working a bran
patch on the side of the canon above the corn on
a slope so steep it seemed almost impossible
for them to keep their footing in this vicinity.
Many oranges are grown in this vicinity
& Indian houses, of wattled & thatched material,
sometimes mud daubed, with wooden doors having
on a wooden hinge like a male pivot like entering the
lintel above & below without window except usually
a small square or oval peephole a few inches
across, were scattered all about on the
slopes, generally in the midst of corn patches.
The original forest has been wholly cleared
from the slopes of the hills along today's route
& either patches of corn & beans are growing
or a dense jungle of bushes & vines.
The hill slopes exposed to view for miles
on either hand were checked over with the
corn & bean patches of the natives whose dark
weather stained hats showed up against the
lighter colors of the surrounding vegetation.
Here & there glinted out of the trails worn seen
serpentine up the slopes & on the distant
side of a high mt. ridge a white ribbon of water
was seen streaming down an exposed cliff.
Ascending the trail beyond the water course we
found the road very rough with limestone
rocks among which the mules fell & crawled
long & excavations & deep & much had worn off the
edge in the P.M. a few rays set in & I left the
trail to ride ahead to the town of Lancio where
we proposed to stop in order to arrange for
quarrel & horses. Finally through the rest
& across a deep canon I saw coming
up on the summit of the ridge the white walls of
a church. It was becoming dark as I rode into
the village up a trail cut through the steep

Alt of plane 5600 ft & 7 miles from
Juniper crossing 2 ridges about 6000 ft

side of the canon. The village consists
of Indians, whom I know from a few words in
Spanish. The "maestro" or local govt official
is the only white man in the community of one
thousand natives. I presented my letter &
was invited to stop at the maestro's house.
I asked for an Indian to go back & meet
the outfit & guide them through the dark up
the steep & rough trail. After some delay a man
was sent out but at the end of a couple of
hours Goldman came stumbling up in the
dark on foot & covered with mud from falls in
the muddy trail. He had seen nothing of the guide
& the mules having fallen in the rocks at the
beginning of the ascent he had left the
outfit & come up to get lights. I at once
had him sent down with pitch pine torches
& in half an hour the outfit arrived much
to my relief. A few moments later the man
I had sent out at first as a guide came in &
when asked why he had not guided the outfit in said
that he heard them coming but fearing that they might
"killers" as he expressed it, he hid in the bushes
& waited until they had got in before showing up.
The rain had ceased the next a.m. & we went on
crossing a deep canon with a long pine grown
slope leading down from Caneque to a small
river crossed by a rough wooden bridge
taken across a high ridge & down to
the Indian town of Guajiquilape in the
lower part of a long slope near the
bottom of a broken canon. Beyond it
we crossed two other ridges covered
with a thin growth of grass & scattered pine
woods with scrubby oaks & a few meadows.
Clouds covered the sky.

Sitala is 16 mi. from Cancuc & has an alt. of 4100 ft. Cross 2 ridges of about 5000 ft between Cancuc & Sitala.

rain began just before dark we reached the minor little town of Sitala with its ruined church & a few Indian houses, or huts. Here we were ~~soon~~ taken across a stretch of boggy sod half overflowed with water from the miserable cabin of the maestro to a thatched covered room in the old monastery alongside the church. Here we were glad to get shelter from the fog & driving misty rain that made it uncomfortably cool outside. From Cancuc we had a couple of Indians to carry a portion of our outfit as we had fewer delays than before.

From Cancuc to Sitala the ridges & down on their sides to near bottom of cañons at less than 4000 ft. grow the tropical pine & another sp. with large, long cones & long leaves. Sitala was once quite an Indian village but is now nearly deserted & the church in ruins as is the church at Tenejapa.

On the 15th of Oct. we made 18 miles passing across several pine grown ridges & through the town of Chilon, at 3600 ft. in a pretty little valley in the hills & down the valley through a rather rough & extremely muddy road to Yajalon at 3000 ft. on the bank of a small river in a narrow valley between high limestone hills. Here we found the ruined church & a town of perhaps 2000 people. Chilon is larger & has a considerably no. of half breed. Yajalon has only comparatively few Indians & the people of Spanish descent are called ~~the~~ mestizos Chilcas. In our way to make quarters for us the children were turned out of the room used for school & the house occupied by the teacher & his wife furnished us our food. We remained

here until the morning of the 20th
of Oct. about Yajalon the hills & mts.
rise steeply to rounded summits -
although in many places rocks are
abundant on the surface they are
not very large & covered with vegetation
so that they do not appear at a distance.
The hills rarely show cliffs & ragged outlines
being mainly rounded in outline although
their slopes are usually steep & often
precipitous. This is characteristic of
the mts. all the way to San Cristobal.
Leaving the wild & rocky walled little
valley of Tenejapa which looks as though
it might be some Aztec's village -
the soil is a reddish clay or yellowish
clay nearly all the way from San L. & is very
slippery now from the rains -
near Yajalon we crossed some very
muddy places where the animals got through
with difficulty. The schoolmaster here conducted
his school in the manner usual in towns of
this character. Reading writing are the main
studies. The children study the former alone sitting in
a row on a long wooden bench, the master
pays but little attention except to keep about
in the vicinity & every now & then when
the sound of the stone of voices dies away
he will shout at them "Study" & at once
the children become quiet again only to again
gradually die away. Often words will be the
children can bear breathing such great
tension. While we were here the mother
sister & brother of the schoolmaster wife
suddenly appeared one morning and I found
out that she had told the master's wife to go home
with her and leave her husband.

reason they were against her living long with the master. He told them he was legally married to the woman & that they replied that it made no difference & he could not live with him any longer. He made no further objection & his wife & child were hurried away on horseback. In a day or so he was going about town as lively as possible without a sign of regret. He said he did not mind their taking his wife away because he did not wish to make a scandal! The day of the patron saint of the town occurred during our stay here and was celebrated by a small market being held & by a great amount of aqua de jete being drunk. Many women were staggering about the streets all day & in the P.M. a number were lying helpless in the plaza as they had fallen. A high fence was built in the plaza where a mock bull fight took place - several bulls with long ropes on their horns & necks to hold them by were turned in in succession & while several people held the ropes from different sides others tormented the bull in front & teased him into trying to charge them. A few rockets were sent up & this was the end of the sports for which the people gathered into town to witness - except the carrying of the image of the saint about town in procession with some remarkable & doleful music. The Indians enjoy intensely such simple amusements as these & come out in large numbers on new or holiday days. These people dress like those of the surrounding country except the women of whom the photo. simply show the characteristic "Indians" & in all these towns poor & ugly, ignorant

The women in particular in straight gown
waist with a cheap riboso and bare
feet show little of the picturesque grace
the native women so commonly exhibit.
The Ladinos^{of Chiapas} are also a puny race full of
prejudices & superstitions. They are
truly ignorant even of their own
country as a rule. Newspapers are usually
represented by the official papers of the
state with a ~~small~~ sheet from the
larger cities containing little of
interest. Modern ideas & ambitions are
beginning to filter in among them through
the crust of ancient prejudice & custom
& with easier means of communication
with the outside the state should develop.
So far the results from mining enterprises
~~so far~~ have been very unfortunate & no paying
mine has been developed. The interior
of state produces wheat, barley, peperons
corn and the warmer parts of the
state give coffee, sugar cane & cacao with an
abundance of other tropical fruits
wherever they are cultivated.

Oct. 19th we went on across the
mt. 13 miles to the Indian village of Tumbes
which is on the crest of the mountain part
of the main Cordillera to the east.
From the ridge we descended into the valley.
A small struggling Indian village about
the crest of a high ridge sloping steeply away
on both sides with the roofless walls
of an old Convent church & small

grass-thatched mud-walled town house
with dirt floor & two wooden benches as the
only furniture ~~and~~ of the main room used
as the juggedo. At one end is the small room
with wooden grating door used as jail.)
Close alongside the house similarly built occupies
by the "maestro" or deputy of the Jefe Politico,
who is town & schoolmaster & general govt
factotum. The Indians elect their own official
President, Alcalde, but these all do whatever
the "maestro" tells them. From the top of the
hill by the little flat on which the village
is located is a fine view down across the
mountains to the coast plain of Tabasco.
On clear days the gleam of river & lagoons
with down grassy plains & forested
areas are seen extending on to the
dim horizon where the hazy blue of the gulf
is visible. To the right rises the high
swelling ridge of the Paleisque range
at the farther side of which lie the famous
dunes. Over the slopes about Tulubala
as on most of the slopes all along our route
from San Cristobal are the patches of cleared land
showing where the Indians have planted corn
belonging to this municipality or about
8000 Indians mostly scattered over where
over the slopes but few ever getting into
small villages. Despite this number there are large
areas of virgin land in the district & but
a number of Americans & Germans have come
in & begun coffee planting. As they are now

of them well informed or practised in the business the result is small for the outlay. Much trouble is experienced in getting labor as the Indians of this locality do not care to work. Although higher wages are now offered than ever before in this district owing to the need of men to prepare the land on new copper plantations yet the people having small corn patches of their own yielding sufficient for their simple wants refuse to work freely. For this reason a system of unemployment is in force that is illegal but sanctioned by the authorities. A ranch needing a certain number of men applies to the "Maestro" for advances him a certain sum ^{each \$150 to 175} The maestro pockets 25⁰ from this leaving 125-150 for which the man must work a week (6 days) Then the maestro sends out his messengers with a list of names of men in the vicinity & the money. The messengers find his man at home & notifies him that he must come to work at a certain ranch the next Monday morning for a week & offers the money. If the man objects to take the money saying he does not wish to work the officer ~~throws~~ it into the house & goes away & the man is held liable to do the work. Should he fail to come then he is arrested & sentenced for some days, often a week in jail & are frequently sentenced to be whipped. I saw several whipped during my stay here. The man was stood up facing a post of the corral of the town house & with a shirt on had 25 lashes from a stout riding whip across the back & shoulders.

While no effort was made to render this punishment very severe it was degrading enough & gave me a feeling of savage disgust. Despite these efforts to get help the ranch owners are obliged to search on all sides for labor going several days journey - even to Britain to get men. The system of loans to men owing the peonage service is also practised. At the ranches the most of the employers make a practice of serving out drinks to the men after a day's work in bad weather & some make it almost a daily custom. Sundays these people sell their men all the liquor they wish up to the limit of their wages in some cases. Drunkenness & often savage fights with machetes are the result of this - which is also illegal, but is done in order to try & hold the men. These Indians are extremely fond of cane - rum & work for it when they could not be otherwise induced to do so. At the time of my visit here there was much dissatisfaction among the natives & a year before a small revolt was started but died away before any violent steps had been made. The people here are shy of strangers & until very recently had little to do with outsiders & the women & children now will run away or disappear in the brushwood if met alone along the roads. They are rather inferior however and not much given to stealing. They have very few guns & are little versed in hunting or woodcraft of that kind. They are a medium sized people of rather coarse features.

Among other punishments besides
the imprisonment I saw several of the
men with shackles & a large block of wood
two of which I photographed. These men were
kept at the jail a week & worn shackles for
being drunk & quarreling. During the day
time they were walking about outside carrying
the shackle-log in one hand & the chain & guy-
ring themselves. At night they were locked up.
During our stay here cold storms of fog & rain swept
across the mt. summit repeatedly & everything
was kept dripping with moisture. The slope of the
mt. facing inland has various broad, open spaces
where the trees & bushes are smaller & show
evidences of a drier climate up to
within a few hundred ft. of the summit. Then the
influence of the dampness from the Gulf
slope is shown in the heavy forest growth
with abundant under brush, vines & herbage.
This extends as far as the summit & down
the Gulf slopes. Within a few hundred ft. of
sea level a little below El Salto.
In this great forest that extends into
Guatemala ~~the~~ the only broken here & there
by Indian clearing & sending out small
streams toward the Gulf the coffee plants
are now springing up on a small scale a
good district that would eventually
be a large producer when the labor
question is settled. The altitude from
1500 - 5000 ft. is the rocky & within these limits
the coffee is being planted. The central is
an important of these forests with Penelopina
& other interesting birds.

The Howling monkey Nycticeis also ranges up in these forests to nearly 5000 ft., & the Spidey monkey Atites geoffroyi also reaches at least to 4600 ft. according to the accounts of the coffee planters & natives of the district.

On Oct. 29th we left Tumbala where we had damp uncomfortable quarters in the "Juzzado" and descended the mt. 16 m. to the village of La Trinidad at an alt. of 800 ft. This is a little Indian village at the upper border of the foothills in the heavy forest. We remained here several days getting some specimens but delayed mainly by the heavy rains that fell & prevented our going on.

We stopped here in a small "Juzzado" in front of which, under a narrow veranda huddled each night a crowd of Indians on their way to various places with pottery & other articles for sale to the people of the low country & carrying back sugar, salt &c to the interior towns. They travel in parties often including entire families of men, women & children, swaying one over another carrying a load proportionate to their strength. In addition to the load of goods each carried several balls of corn dough rolled up in banana leaves & called "posol", this is the ordinary food of the Indians of Chiriqui when travelling. It will keep fit for food for ten days as I have seen it in the low country. At intervals of 3 or 4 hours when they come to a creek they halt & opening the netted sack in which they carry the "posol" they

Break off a fragment & mixing it with water in a small bowl-like gourd drink the gruel like mixture & then go on again. Men who are sent out to work a work on the plantations also carry this & work with no other diet as a rule until they return to their homes. While at Tumbala I saw about 50 men come in to work a work on one of the ranches each with his naked machete carried in the hollow of his arm or in his hand & a net sack of several large balls of "poso" on his back. They had been sent by the authorities from a village 2 days journey away & rec'd \$1.50 for 6 days work - At the end of the work they frequently brought rum & drank up nearly or quite all this & returned home with nothing. At La Trinidad the people were much afflicted by malarial fevers nearly half the town being more or less sick so I had some trouble getting carriers to take my boxes of specimens on to El Salto de Agua. Hearing that the roads from ~~to~~ La Trinidad to the latter place are very bad I decided to have my assistant return with the outfit to Tumbala while I went on with my horses & ~~3~~ ³ people of carriers to El Salto where I could take a canoe to the coast. ~~Aug 4th~~ Today I left La Trinidad while we made a trip a few miles back into the forest to the base of a mtn. at 1700 ft. to a place called Minnepaha where a Mr. Abbott's house is located with

His wife & a young lady cousin. They are a young couple from Minneapolis & are very pleasant people. It was a great pleasure to meet them & enjoy their hospitality. Their log & mud house in the midst of the tropical forest had its walls hung with drawings & pictures, photos &c while books & magazines in profusion gave the place a cozy home-like air that I have not found in these wilds elsewhere. Mr. Harg came to this country for his health & his charming wife insisted in sharing the exile. Unfortunately the object of their life is in the forest, a coffee plantation is not being accomplished very rapidly as the difficulty of getting labor & the lack of a knowledge of the language & how to handle the people on the part of Mr. Harg is resulting in the failure of his efforts. This travel must meet many people who come to Mex. without fully knowing what they will encounter.

On Nov. 4th I sent my ass & pack to Tumbala and proceeded on horseback with 3 men carrying loads down to El Salto - a distance of about 20 miles. The route led across low hills & over flat or nearly level areas all overgrown with forest & crossed by several small streams. The road is a mere trail & the heavy rains have mud on the mud, almost belly deep in places while for miles the horse had hard work to go along. In one place he said in & stuck so I had to get off & help him out. A deep ravine had to be crossed by carrying the saddle on a log & swimming the horse.

For a mile or two the trail led through a broken ledge of honeycombed limestone rock when a fall meant a serious injury and the deep slippery sand made progress slow & perilous. Finally I came out on the brow of a ridge overlooking El Salto and passing some neglected cane fields reached the town. It is a small place of only 150 or 200 people but is the head of the noted district of Palenque. It is on the bank of a river navigable to the vicinity of this point at all seasons by small shallow draught steamers. The town is a straggling collection of wattle & adobe walled houses & huts with grassy streets. The greenness of the latter giving a pleasing air of freshness to the place. In front of the town the low water was exposing several series of islets & submerged reefs of limestone deposits built up by the great amount of lime carried in the river water. Some small willows have taken root in the highest of these reefs aiding to build islets in midstream while just above a dam has been formed entirely across the river like a coral reef only, which the water was pouring in a tremendous rapid. Here Nelson Samuel Day was town president, local Judge, tax collector & postmaster and pleasant gallantries combined. The former had no trouble in getting many men to go along the trail & went a considerable distance.

town to stay over night at the ranch called La Cangada owned by a firm of German Sojourner planters who have kindly loaned me their canoe for the trip and the hospitality of their ranch while going & coming. The next day was spent getting a stock of provisions made up for the men & having a "told" built over the middle of the canoe. This is an arched cover made by bending long slender poles & fastening the ends down on either side of canoe rail in holes made for the purpose. Other poles are lashed lengthwise & over this framework are bound the broad leaves of a species of Cannabis that abounds here making a shelter impervious to sun or rain. It is shaped like the top of a prairie schooner.

On Nov. 6th I started down the river, ~~the~~ boxes of specimens piled in front & myself on my bed-roll packed away under the leafy canopy on a rude floor of boards to keep me above the water that might get into canoe bottom. After so many months of horseback work the smooth gliding of the canoe among leafy walls was delightfully novel and pleasant. Behind softly hidden in clouds arose the slopes of the main range about Tumbala which came in view now & then with the toothed fingers of the river. On right a left, for a part from the main range were extending in rapid descending slopes toward the coast plain. The river banks were deep green with a wall of forest rising directly from the edge of the water along the bank machete in hand. A few cattails & reeds having reached the foreground trees & bushes about & along the bank top. These banks were in rounded knolls & slopes

The melancholy whistling note of nothocercus fallax a kind of partridge-livage in the dense thickets was heard morning & evening along the upper Chilafilla & Olatto R.

60-75 ft. above the water & slope back to the neighboring ridges. The forest from the main mts. extends down in a dense wood to the vicinity of the riverbank here giving the distant outlines a soft dark green color.

At considerable intervals we came ducking in the forest along the river bank. Here one or a few palm thatched ~~huts~~ jicaleas or wattled huts were always perched on the river bank at the upper edge of high water, & several dug-out canoes tied to stakes along the edge of the river. Everything was very quiet & the solitary existence of these people seemed as that of dwellers on some unknown coast. Now & then the canoemen would hail an acquaintance & a few moments later the forest wall would again shut us in with its unbroken front until some miles below we would come on another clearing. Corn seems the main crop with small sugar cane patches. In the evening we came out into another stream entering from the west & called the Macuspana. The hilly country was now left behind and from here a gentle & sometimes slightly rolling slope trends toward the sea. A tree willow is com. along the edge of the water & a hedge of scarlet flowered Malpighias forms a dense wall along the bank often rising almost impendingly & frequently growing down into the water. The com. wild sunflower & some morning glories were also com. The latter, usually, don't clearings. Early in the morning after Olatto we came to the village of Repotata. It is a characteristic river town of the low-lands. A collection of dug-out canoes along the bank.

with a steep bank leading up to the
lawn-like grassy main street fronting
the water where two or three small towns
usually occupying the largest building
which are made of adobe ~~wood~~ contain
several rooms besides the room which is
in front. ~~books~~ Close by stands a
small whitewashed church. Back
of these are scattered huts with wattle
& mud daubed walls & thatched roofs
The streets are free from brush & weed
& covered with a short bright green grass
As the river rises & swells away all
accumulated debris every year & some
effort seems to be made to keep the streets
free from odds & ends that desfigures
the little towns of the highland these
water towns are attractive for the bright
The absence of horses & mules from all business
bring down the canoes adds to this & gives
the places a still nearer look They
always seem very quiet & sleepy &
a brooding silence seems to hang
about them giving the appearance
of a New England Sunday to the places
except on fresh days when the general
silence is made up by passing boats
rockets & other forms. As we get along
breakfast was up & dropped down in
stream a few miles below one of my
men pointed to a hut on the river bank
& said that an old woman was at the
water's edge washing clothes when an
alligator seized her. He cried out for help
& the boy dropped a large stone, young woman

ran down the bank & jumping astride the alligator in the shallow water forced her fingers into its eyes. The alligator relinquished its prey & the girl sprang off whereupon the reptile again seized the old woman. The girl repeated this operation twice more before the draught finally gave up & the old woman was helped ashore by her brave daughter.

Last eve. (the first day below El Salto) the voices of howling monkeys were heard roaring at a distance in the forest & my men said it was a black species not found in the lower country. Soon after dark the notes ceased & getting in my hanging mosquito net below the toldo I went to sleep to the most monotonous dipping of the paddles of the men as they worked slowly downstream between the inky black walls that seemed to shut us in. About 2 a.m. I was awakened from heavy slumber by the sudden outburst of the most frightful roarings upon both banks of the river. The noise was terrific in its volume & the frightful uproar was exceeded by any sound I supposed possible to be made by animals. For two hours we drifted silently down stream through the incessant roaring now on one bank & then on the other & then on both banks. The men had ceased rowing & as we drifted silently between the high black walls of the river which the banks came the a burring of strange low voices, sometimes a song of nothing more characteristic of a truque.

more effective than when heard ~~at~~ in daytime. Before the notes finally ceased just before dawn my head seemed to be filled with the sound & the state of tension produced on the nerves was becoming painful. When the last notes died away with barks & broken howls almost as suddenly as it had begun I felt a great relief & again slept until the sun came spilling along the river banks. The next afternoon we again heard distant roarings of monkeys which my men said were another kind. Their notes were even louder than those of last night but they were heard in scattered groups. The ~~sea~~ black monkey of the foothills is called locally "Sarawate" & the smaller one of the lowlands is the "mons" while the Atelles which occurs ~~as~~ with the Sarawate is called "Chango". On my return I landed at one place where I heard one of these "Sarawate" monkeys shouting and one of my men went ahead cautiously cutting a passage through the vines & bushes bordering the river. After getting a short distance the undergrowth of small thorny trunked palms, clumped vines &c. became less dense & we worked back a couple of hundred yards. There we found the ground covered with a few inches of water over quite an extent in the midst of which grew some tall broad branched trees. In some of these were 5 or 6 monkeys one of which

led us to him by his loud notes. When we were close to his tree he stopped howling & looked down gruffly without any attempt at escaping. A charge of heavy sivan shot at about 50 or 60 yds. ~~knocked him down~~ caused him to slip off the branch on which he sat and after hanging a few moments he fell with a loud splash into the water. At the report of the gun I saw a female with egg on her back begin walking up a long branch another tree a little beyond. A quick shot caused her to stop & a second shot brought her down also into the water. The egg was quite small but as soon as the old one struck in the water it left her & began slowly climbing hand over hand up one of the slender, tapering stems of the small palms growing thickly in the water, so a second shot was required to bring it down. These monkeys had a rank offensive odor & very heavy stupid faces. They range up to near Iumbala at nearly 4500 ft. alt. After leaving the village below the mouth of the Macuspana the country gradually became lower & the forest smaller. Here monkeys & monkeys howler very common. On the way down they were heard up to 7 a.m. from down in the morning at sunset & a little before but no night calls of such as that of the owl kind was heard. On our way up I penetrated a piece of low forest among vines, prickly stemmed palms & long vine-like cane to where several were howling. They were seated quietly on the larger branches of low trees 3-5 ft. high in a group of ten or 12. When I came under the tree where a male sat not over 40 ft. off me he merely looked down quietly without any show of alarm. I was shot & the others moved slowly from one branch to another without any attempt to escape.

embarking we had only gone 300 400 yds. when the running males in the flock I had just seen among set up their rooing ~~out~~ from the same spot as though nothing had occurred. A few leagueres above this at sunset I was poling slowly up stream when I noticed a black ball on the dense flat top of a strong shrub growing in the shallow water at the edge of the river. We came closer & saw it was one of these monkeys apparently sound asleep. ~~Very~~ I stood up at a distance of 25 or 30 ft. & shouted at the top of my voice but it did not raise its head from between its knees. We were then passing the bush catching a branch I swayed the bush back & forth. At this the monkey raised its head & looked at us for a few moments with a most abased expression as though to say "what did you do that for" & then deliberately buried its face between its knees as before & resumed its slumber. Both myself & the cano men laughed heartily at this uncombed creature & left it. The note of the "sarawat" is a hoarse bellowing, roaring something like the bellowing of a bull. It is given as a long drawn rooing with few breaks & no modulations. The monos starts in ~~much~~ the same tone as the "sarawat" but has a louder roar which is soon broken with modulated notes ending with hoarse barking and short roars that combine to render the noise much more startling than those of the other species. The flesh of the Sarawat is said to be very good to eat by the U. Sallo people who have hunted the animals away from the neighbourhood of the town in consequence. The flesh of the monos is not eaten by these same people. These palms were seen on the way down the river. The coconut which grows about villages & ranches - The royal palm with swelling trunk - a beautiful grove opposite the mouth of the Chilpa

river on the Grijalva. A species of fan palm 30-50 ft high common from a little below El Salto and the small prickly stemmed kind very abundant as undergrowth in the forest along the river. It grows from 8 to 20 ft. high in dense woods & the ground is covered with the fallen spines so that the natives cannot walk there without sandals. I had to ~~buy~~ loan one of my boy's a pair of shoes before he would go with me after the monkeys. Below the point where the ~~meandering~~ ^{meandering} of the El Salto river joins the stream is called the Chilapa. Then another fork takes place the Chilapa leading to the left & emptying into the Grijalva near the San Juan Bautista while to the left is the Chilapilla which flows to the Grijalva near the coast. A little below the village passed in the morning the low country cultured where the high water covers the land in the rainy season. The people have their houses on the highest spots so that the water does not become deep enough to carry them away but often floods their floor to a depth of 2 or 3 ft. The population is very scanty & mainly of mixed negro & Indian blood. Both men & women paddle about standing upright in small narrow canoes that look scarcely larger than a plant. Once we at sunset two women passed us standing in bow & stern of one of these little canoes. They were all gracefully formed women with their figures showing under the light cotton garments. The sun was just setting & a very light shade fell the borders of the river reflected in the mirror-like surface of the river. As was this dreary scene the women came dressed in white with long flowing paddles strokes the canoes swimming along like birds bearing a faint sound of small upon the water. The silence was unbroken save by the soft splash of the paddles in the canoes.

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Scene was one of those beautiful combinations of color and time that fill the mind with pleasurable emotions ~~akin~~ ^{akin} to those worked by sweet strains of music. In my wanderings I find some of the most valued memories are scenes such as this that repay one for many hours of solitude & hardship & the rough vicissitudes of life in wild regions.

Along the Chilapilla river the country is very low and the ~~vegat~~ ^{vegat} is woods become low like the coast woods seen at Coatzacoalcos. Fan palms 50 or 60 ft. high stand up boldly above the general growth. Now & then a large tree was seen & these with gaunt, wide spreading branches hung with long ~~opaa~~ Spanish moss made a picturesque sight. ~~near~~ ^{near} the mouth along this stream great nos. of tree ducks (A. fulva) were seen. At night they roost in the tops of the trees & bushes along the banks of the river & as we glided along at dawn & just at sunrise they were seen in small parties on every hand. As we drew near they would stand up & look at us curiously until we were 50 or 60 yds away & then fly swiftly away. As the sun arose numerous small parties of them were seen in a regular flight of an hours duration going off to some feeding ground. After hours, common ants & snake birds were also seen along the stream but not numerous. Close to the mouth of the Chilapilla the country becomes marshy & overgrown with cat-tail flag, rich with other waterplants. During here I find a shot at a duck & at once a tremendous & rushing noise from among the reeds ensued, great clouds of herons, white & brown, ibises, roseate spoonbills & other water birds arose from with the

zoomed in line toward distant parts of the marsh while a band of half wild cattle suddenly broke out of the rods and with heads thrown up like startled deer they fled away plowing the broad deep water into foam as they ran.

Pulling across the Grijalva we stopped a half hour for coffee at a ranch standing by a beautiful grove of tall royal palms. Night fell while here we began the descent of the Grijalva (which is half to $3\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile broad). My men were now very tired & slept part of the night despite the bites of the mosquitos which I could hear in loud chorus outside my net. We arose at dawn & far away on the low horizon could be seen the white dome of the church & some of the buildings along the front of Frontera. Mangroves became common & some pretty strips of beach opened out along the shore. We stopped at a gray spot & enjoyed a bath free from mosquitos as these only bite one on the river at sunset & sunrise.

Frontera is a small town with custom house & a number of commercial houses doing business with the people of the river towns. Mahogany & cedar cutters and tracimadas. A few hundred people make up the population. The streets & a neglected plaza are grassy & all about is the low forest covering the wet lowlands that extend away on both sides of the river in this vicinity. Shipping on the river I kept her the following morning —

Nov. 10th The return trip was made in six days — the down trip in 3 going day night or 7 days for a round trip of 320 miles. The endurance of the men was remarkable. They secured only a few hours sleep in the 2d. Their food was almost wholly made up of

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the corn dough of which they carried
a stock for the return trip made up into
balls 5 or 6 in. in diam. & wrapped in
banana leaves. A handful of this mixed
with water in a gourd & much was their
ordinary food. Several times a day they
stopped and mixed a gourd of this &
then went on. The constantly begged me to
buy them Aguardiente & purchased it
themselves at intervals along the route.
On the 16th I arranged for a man to
carry my baggage up the mountain to
vicinity of ~~El Salt~~ Tumbala. The President
of the town Dr. Samuel Diaz, a bright young lawyer,
looked about & did everything in his
power to assist me as he had done on
my way down. Leaving El Salto on the
17th I made 22 miles on horseback to La Trin-
idad - a village at the base of the mts. at an
elevation of 800 ft. The road leads up through a
heavy forest from El Salto to this place. The mud
was deep in many places & finally I came
to a creek with precipitous banks where the bridge
had been washed away. Two smooth logs had been
thrown across to serve as a bridge. I started to lead
my horse across but midway he slipped & both legs on
one side went down into the logs. By using all my
strength I managed to get his legs out of the rock
but could do nothing for the alone. The town was
still some miles away & it was already growing
dark when some Iba Indians came along. They
could talk no Spanish but I forced them into
service & after getting the saddle off rolled
the horse off the logs into the creek & then down the
water under with a tremendous splash & after
much trouble we dragged him up on the

side (the I intended side being inaccessible) and after filling in between the logs with sticks tried the pass again. The sticks broke & again the horse fell. We gave him a second roll into the water & on this trial got him across. It was now inky darkness on all sides in the wood & with much trouble I found the saddle & accoutrements & re saddled. Giving the horse its head I then let him find his way through the forest in the narrow trail. I remember having passed several places that would be perils in the darkness but to go on was better than the certainty of getting a furl by staying all night in the heavy dew in the open. Once my horse came to a dead halt & ~~noticing~~ of feeling of his ears I could tell that they were both turned front as though he was trying to examine something in front - I got off cautiously & walking along the muddy ground in front found he was standing on the edge of another missing bridge. I remember a path that made a circuit to a ford near this & finding it crossed the creek safely. Beyond this I came up with a train of Indians loaded with baggage & the chairs containing the wife & family of an old german who was on his way back into the mountains on foot to get some hair for making a coffee plantation. The old fellow was plodding painfully through the mud & as I came up had given up in tiring to stop by the road all night. I encouraged him by announcing the proximity of the ~~next~~ ^{next} town & he started on again to the town at 9 P.M. I was delighted to get to the town riding up the roadside I persuaded him to get me something to eat soon after the

